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Vice President—Tim J. Sullivan.
Recording Secretary—Thomas J. Dolan.
Financial Secretary—Peter Cusick, 132 Twentieth street.
Treasurer—John Mulloy.

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President—William T. Meehan.
Vice President—Thomas Camfield.
Recording Secretary—John Mooney.
Financial Secretary—John T. Kearney, 1335 Rogers street.
Treasurer—Owen Keiren.

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President—John H. Hennessy.
Vice President—Thomas Lynch.
Recording Secretary—John J. Grogan.
Financial Secretary—George Flahiff, 420 East Gray street.
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In the Royal Hospital, Belfast, the City Coroner held an inquest on William Brown, forty-four years, Hilland street, who died in the Royal Hospital on Sunday morning. The Coroner in summing up said in this case the jury had only to find the cause of death. He thought there were circumstances in the case which should be investigated by the police. Independent of the doctor's evidence, other evidence had arisen which pointed to rather peculiar circumstances in the case. The jury found that death was due to hemorrhage on the brain, caused by the fracture of the skull.

HIBERNIANS.

What They Have Been Doing
the Past Week—General
News Notes.

All divisions will elect officers in January.
Division 2 received one application for membership Thursday evening.

Ed Dalton always contributes liberally to the emergency fund of his division.
State Treasurer McGinniss visited the divisions of Minneapolis and St. Paul last week.

Division 1 admitted another member Tuesday evening and referred one application.

Patrick J. Liston was not the only one who enjoyed his Irish ride Tuesday evening.
Tim Riordan, lately returned from the Philippines, was admitted to Division 4 this week.

There should be a large attendance at the general meeting of all the divisions January 3.

While Division 4 opposes consolidation her doors are open to all who wish to be transferred.

Our collector will call next week. Try and make his visit pleasant. Leave your dollar for him.

The members of Division 4 of St. Paul entertained their friends with a card party in Cretin Hall.

Joseph Woods, who made his first appearance since joining the benedictines, was given a hearty welcome.

Those members of Division 1 still having tickets are urged to return them to Mike Tynan or John Mulloy.

The committee arranging for the celebration of St. Patrick's day will meet with Division 6 Tuesday night.

The members are always glad to welcome John Keane at division meetings. They never forget the old guard.

President Hennessy received and referred seven applications Wednesday evening. And the boom continues.

Division 1 of Duluth held a successful open meeting last week, at which many applications for membership were issued.

Order the Kentucky Irish American for your friend for one year. The best holiday gift you can make for one dollar.

Treasurer John Mulloy visited Division 4 Wednesday evening. He made a fine impression but failed to convince Ed Dalton.

Con Ford and John Barrett made interesting talks Thursday night. Barrett is a born orator, and Con is fast approaching perfection.

Officer John Burns paid his semi-occasional visit to Division 2 Thursday evening. Everybody gave him a hearty shake of the hands.

The Robert Emmet Guards, of Newport, R. I., elected M. I. Kelly as Captain for next year. The active membership numbers forty-five.

The fair of Division 12 of Providence closed on Saturday evening last week, after a most successful run. Miss Maggie Mulvaney was awarded the bicycle in the voting contest.

Division 2 voted in favor of consolidation. The question will come up for final action at the next meeting, and all absentees will be counted as voting for the proposition.

Clever Tom Riley has already proven himself the oldest young Hibernian developed recently. He will prove an able adjunct to Tom Dolan in adding life and zest to the meetings of Division 1.

Louis Perranda again fills the Secretary's chair, Tom Dolan having resigned. The Kentucky Irish American appreciates Tom's originality as a writer, and also regrets its inability to secure his services.

County President Kennedy and Secretary O'Hara, of New Albany, were interested visitors Thursday night. They extended President Meehan and all the members of his division a cordial invitation to visit New Albany in January.

The Irish Standard says the largest and most successful meeting in its history was held by Division 4 of Minneapolis last week. Fully 250 members of the order were present and listened with appreciation to informal talks by prominent Hibernians of the Twin Cities on the benefits to be derived from membership. The Pleasure Club and Glee Club of the division entertained with a delightful musical programme.

The third anniversary of the Daughters of Erin of Providence was observed Sunday evening. The ladies and a large number of guests assembled in Hibernian Hall and enjoyed a very entertaining programme. County President Mrs. Finley made an address, and after the musical and literary exercises an appetizing repast was served, to which all did justice. The affair was one for which the Visitor says the ladies deserve great credit.

The grand ball of the Hibernian Knights of Providence Monday evening of last week was a complete social success. The hall was crowded as it had never been before on a like occasion, and the command was happy at the success achieved. Tuesday evening the fair of the Knights opened up auspiciously and there is every prospect that another success will result. State President Quinn and President Thomas Madden had charge of the exercises.

The State Board of Directors of the Hibernian life insurance fund met last week in St. Paul and elected John Mahoney, of Hennepin county, State Secretary. The former Secretary was compelled to resign because of his pressing duties in the State insurance department. The fund is in a prosperous condition, all claims being paid and a balance on hand of \$10,000. The board has offered a series of prizes to the divisions throughout Minnesota showing the largest per centage of increase prior to April 1 next.

Cusack's Ice Creams are made of fruits—not extracts. Tel. 518. 417 Second street.

What He Saw In the Churchyard.

A CHRISTMAS DREAM

The faintest trace of snow had blown away and a soft drizzling rain was setting down over the city.

"Tis a green Christmas, we have, after all, an' a fat gravestone 'ere 'll be makin', if what th' oul' man says does be true," sighed Mary, regretfully, wrapping her hands in her apron and leaning shivering across the half-door. "More be taken, there goes little Eily MacCarthy wid a bundle o' sticks, the crathurs; masha, 'tis a poor Christmas 'twill be to them, Dinna. Dinna," in a wheedling tone, with a backward glance over her shoulder into the dark interior, lighted only by the ruddy gleam of the turf fire, "tis could an' hungry they'll be tomorrow, the crathurs, an' us wid lashins an' lavins o' mate and male."

"An' a shiftless lot are them same MacCarthys," gruffly retorted Dennis, huddling his great coat on as he spoke, "an' it's the bit an' sup out o' yer own children's mouths ye'd give away, Mary Connors, av ye were let."

And with the inhospitable words the burly farmer strode from the door and went rapidly down the fast darkening lane, while Mary stood looking after him and the little ones stood on their tiptoes to gaze over the top of the half-door.

"Sure, he's growin' harder every day. I don't know what's come over him at all, at all," she explained.

A greenish light was fading in the sky above the western hills and the road was a confused mingling of dark ruts and little shining patches where the late fallen snow had melted into little pools that caught the last glimpse of light and held it in a silvery gleam.

Dennis marched on, his form in the huge great-coat making a black blur among the slender dark skeletons of trees and bushes that stood out against the sky. He muttered to himself in the collar of his coat as he tramped along, and so occupied was he with his uncharitable thoughts that, ere he knew it, his foot had caught in something and he fell heavily, striking his head, and with a sense of violent pain, losing all consciousness of his surroundings.

As the farmer's senses slowly returned his opening eyes fell on the strangest sight he had ever beheld, and, with limbs stiffening with horror, he raised himself slowly and gazed wide-eyed at a head, which lay in the middle of the road—a head with a pale, sardonic face, dark hair curling round it and black eyes that rested on the terrified Dennis with unwinking severity.

"Take me up, Dennis," suddenly called the grim lips.

"Sure I will, sor," cried Dennis, with abject readiness, though his teeth were chattering, and he approached the strange object and gingerly raised it and held it on the arm of his coat. "An' where would yer honor be wishing to go?"

"To the churchyard," came in deep, ominous tones.

A stifled groan broke from the wretched Dennis. He set off, however, carefully now and slowly down the rugged road and through a gap in the broken wall that surrounded the lonesome dark abode of the dead.

As he passed across an old, old mouldering tombstone that lay face downward upon the ground, the head suddenly leaped from his hold and floated before him, suspended in the air, while a weird, gray light played gleaming about the sardonic features that still regarded the shaking farmer with severe calmness.

"Follow me, Dennis," spoke the authoritative voice, and before Dennis could ask where the tombstone swung back and revealed a deep cavity, from which floated a gray misty vapor, which enveloped the farmer, who now seemed to lose all sense of personality. He stepped lightly on the mist and felt himself gently floating downward, preceded by the grimly smiling head.

At the bottom of the deep recess a low arch presented itself, and stooping to look inside, Dennis beheld a mean, small chamber hung with festoons of cobwebs and floored and walled by old grave-stones, over which ran numberless rats and strange creeping things.

Cowering in the middle of the room was an old, withered woman, who rushed forward as Dennis appeared and with a fearful smile and many engaging gestures held out to him in a skeleton hand two very small, hard potatoes. Dennis rubbed his head, glanced from the potatoes to the old woman and back again. She continued to grin affably and shook impatiently the hand that held her miserable offering.

"Thank ye kindly, ma'am," gasped the farmer at last; "sure I couldn't take them. Ye'll be waitin' thim yerself, down here."

At his refusal the engaging smile vanished from the features of the hag and, with eyes glaring with disappointment and fury, she rushed toward the hesitating Dennis, who in turn stumbled backward and fell, he hardly knew how, just out of reach of the malevolent, outstretched claws, and at the same moment the ashen light disappeared and the silence was broken by a burst of music and laughter, to the delightful sounds of which came pouring in from all sides crowds of gorgeously attired ladies and gentlemen, venerable minstrels and troops of fair children, all enveloped in a rosy light that rolled and piled itself into a semblance of castle walls, fair meadows and towering hills and trees and bushes hung with rare fruits and brilliant blossoms.

In the midst of this gay company moved one very beautiful lady, who seemed to be their queen, and round whom they thronged to bestow on her their gifts of jewels and gold.

Dennis stood amazed, shrinking against the wall, and wondering what great company he was in. Suddenly by his side appeared the head, now erect and smiling upon the shoulders of a noble and brilliantly attired man.

"Well, Dennis," said his strange acquaintance kindly, "did you think we had such gala times down here under the sod?"

"Sure, 'tis beautiful intirely," replied Dennis admiringly, "an' might I make bold to ax who is the queen herself beyant?"

"That, Dennis, is my wife," said the other. "She was noted during her life on earth for her charity and generosity to the poor. Hence she was on her advent here made queen and ruler over all the spirit company. That other whom you saw a little while ago was my first wife, but so close and mean was she in life that she never offered to friend or beggar more than the value of those two small potatoes. Therefore she is obliged to wait in her damp, lone vault until some mortal will accept her miserable offering, and only once in a hundred years is any one permitted to descend and give her an opportunity of release."

As he ceased speaking the gay company parted and made a shining lane down which the glittering queen came floating. She stopped and gazed at Dennis. "Is this the mortal," she cried, reproachfully sounding in the flute-like tones, "who refuses to give of his store to aid his starving neighbor?" And all the brilliant company took up the cry and came thronging about the wretched farmer, brushing him with their robes and peering into his face, chorusing in a confused clangor of reproach and threat and silvery regret, "Is this the mortal who refuses to aid his starving neighbor?"

Dennis sank upon his knees and hid his face in his hands. The clamor and rushing grew louder and more confused, and he crouched lower and lower until suddenly he knew that the queen was holding out her wand to him and he grasped it, it turned in his hand into the rough wet branch of a tree, and lo! the gay, clamoring scene had vanished and he was lying in the darkness and silence upon the road where he had fallen at twilight.

The dawn was faintly gleaming behind the hills when Dennis, stiff and cold, appeared at the door of his cottage, and his wife, tearful and wan with watching, received him with joy. "Arrah, Dinna, where were ye at all? Sure, I didn't sleep a wink wid the terror."

"Tis lyin' in the road I was, Mary, wid the senses gone from me from hittin' me poor head whin I fell over the roots of th' oul' rowan-tree beyant. An' a queer dhrame I had, Mary, that I'll tell ye. But whisper, Acushla—maybe 'twould be better, after all, if ye'd make up a bundle o' the best in the house an' take it down to the MacCarthys, the crathurs, bimeby. Sure, 'tis Christmas day, Mary, an' Christmas comes but wanst a year."

Wise Mary said no word, but turned, smiling, to extinguish the Christmas candle that had flared faintly the whole night through and kept its watch with her.

SARAH BLENKNER HANSETT.
—[New York Gael.]

IRELAND.

Record of the Most Important of the Recent Events Cited From Exchanges.

Dublin University contains about 256,000 volumes.

Catherine Murray, whose death occurred recently at Chapel Ground, Arklow, had attained the advanced age of eighty-five years.

The death of Agnes Byrne, aged sixty-three years, occurred at Ash College, Ranelagh. Her remains were interred at Kilmacogue, County Wicklow.

The death of the Rev. Sir Algernon Coot at Ballyfin House, Queens county, is announced. He was in his eighty-third year, and the Premier Baronet of Ireland.

James Hughes' death at Monkstown cast a gloom over the County Dublin. He was one of the old school of Irishmen, eighty-three years old, and very highly respected by his large number of acquaintances throughout the city and county.

A woman named Henrietta St. Clair or Sinclair was arrested in Belfast on a charge of having attempted to poison her husband at Moville, County Donegal. The arrest was effected at 27 Fairview street. She was conveyed to Donegal by the Constable.

At the conclusion of the business in the Custody Court, Belfast, an interesting ceremony took place, when Mr. Garrett Nagle presented Mr. John Brock with a certificate of the Royal Humane Society for saving the life of a woman who threw herself into the Lagan in August last with the intention of committing suicide.

John O'Donnell, Organizing Secretary of the United Irish League, was served with a summons at Doherty's Hotel, Mullingar, to attend a Petty Sessions in Ballinalee, to answer a charge of having in a speech which he delivered at Ballinalee intimidated a man named Hagan, who was alleged to have grabbed a farm some years ago in that locality.

The Gorey and Enniscomorthy Boards of Guardians have unanimously decided to co-operate in the movement inaugurated by Cardinal Logue's Committee for the restoration of the evicted tenants in their homes. At the last meeting of the Gorey board a committee was appointed and an appeal was issued to the two guardians of each division in the union to organize a collection at the doors of the Catholic churches.

The proposal to establish a school under the agricultural and industries act in the Midlands, the disused workhouse at Donoughmore being utilized for the purpose, has just been brought under the notice of the Hon. Horace Plunkett, who is to visit the premises along with Lord Castletown, of Upper Ossory, and the committees of the Queen's County District Council and the Roscrea Rural District Council. The building is situated within the boundary of the last-named body and is in perfect repair. It has eleven acres of land attached and has already been reported on as peculiarly suitable.

THE KENTUCKY IRISH AMERICAN

Has celebrated its anniversary, entering upon its Third Volume. The promises made to its readers and friends in the first issue have been faithfully observed, and its circulation has enjoyed a steady growth. This should be increased in the future until it is read in the home of every Irish-American in Kentucky and adjoining States. The Kentucky Irish American for the coming year will make features of

Irish News,
Church News,
Society News,
Home News,
Labor News,
Sporting News.

It is a First-Class Weekly Journal which is printed and mailed on Fridays, so that its city readers may take advantage of the announcements it contains and be directed where to make their Saturday purchases. This will result in great benefit to advertisers, who should remember the fact that it has the Official Indorsement of the

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